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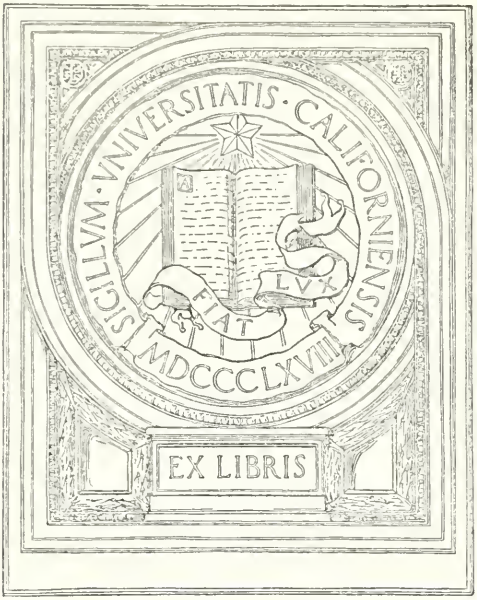

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PALLAS ATHENE

The Spearshaker (or Shake-spear) of the Grecian civilization.

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DEDICATION

To my sister,

VICTORIA REED,

whose unfailing sympathy and encouragement in my literary work have been invaluable to me, this book is affectionately dedicated.

431967

Contents

		Page
I	The Shake-speare Pseudonym	1
II	Bacon and Shake-speare on Love	5
III	The Truth concerning Stratford-upon-Avon and Shakspere (Taken from the Records)	31
IV	Portraits	60

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PALLAS ATHENE was the tutelar Divinity of the Greeks. The name Pallas was derived from παλλειν, meaning to shake, evidently so called from the fact that she is represented in statuary art as armed with a spear. On the Acropolis in Athens where her statue by Phidias was long the wonder of the world, the spear rose far above her head; it is said to have been seventy feet in length. In Liddell and Scott's Greek-English lexicon her name is given etymologically as

"The Brandisher of the Spear."

The Romans, viewing her in the light of her intellectual qualities, called her Minerva, a word derived from *mens*, signifying mind. With them accordingly she was the personification of thought; thus under the two appellations combined she is presented to us by these great nations as the Divine symbol of wisdom and power. Her father, Zeus, was the greatest of the gods, and her mother, Metis, the wisest of them.

Among the ancients, therefore, Pallas Athene naturally became the patroness of learning. As such she was universally worshipped. The great temple of learning in Athens, where poets, philosophers and men of letters generally were accustomed to meet and to read their works for the instruction of others, was named for her, Athenæum (Athene). In the second century of the Christian era, Hadrian founded a similar institution in Rome under the same sacred

name. Indeed, this has been the custom in nearly all literary communities throughout the world (as in Paris, London, Berlin, Boston, Brunswick and elsewhere) to the present day, however unconscious modern generations may be that the brightest, most god-like image of the highest civilization which the world has ever known is still animating and inspiring them. Athens, the home of the noblest cult; Pallas Athene, the recognized source of its intellectual and moral power. That is to say, the goddess with her spear stands for the strength that is always inherent in the cause of truth.

Another and deeper view of the subject remains to be considered. Pallas Athene represents not only art in general but also in the highest sense precisely that branch of art to which the plays of Shake-speare belong. Richard de Bury, who was high chancellor of England in the fifteenth century and one of the most learned men of that age, attributed to Minerva (or Pallas Athene) a special function in literature, thus:

"The wisdom of the ancients devised a way of inducing men to study truth by means of pious frauds, the delicate Minerva secretly lurking beneath the mask of pleasure."

This was published under the title, "A vindication of Poetry," meaning, of course, epic or dramatic poetry, such as the Greek poets have given us, and such as 'Macbeth,' 'King Lear' and 'Anthony and Cleopatra' are now recognized to be. These and all others of their kind, viewed historically, are what was meant by de Bury as "pious frauds." It thus appears that in the highest cultivated circles of Eng-

land, long before the time of Francis Bacon, Pallas Athene was indentified with the Dramatic instinct, and became an exceedingly appropriate pseudonym for the author of plays to be known as Shake-speare's, or as those of the goddess, so named.

The late Reverend George Dawson of Birmingham, England, one of the most distinguished Shakespearean scholars of recent years, thus explained why the author of the Shake-speare plays, thought it necessary to conceal his true name and to write under a pseudonym:

"There is heresy enough in Shake-speare to have carried him to endless stakes; political liberty enough to have made him a glorious jacobin. If he had appeared as a Divine, the authorities would have burned him; as a politician, they would have beheaded him."

We must not forget that in one of Bacon's Latin tracts (never translated into English by his biographer Spedding) he admits that he often wrote "behind a mask", or (as we think that this means) under a pseudonym.*

Sir Philip Sidney uttered a similar sentiment in his 'Apology for Poetry' in Bacon's own time, thus:

"The philosophers of Greece durst not for a long time appear to the world but under the mask of poets."

Bacon himself says: "In olden time mataphorical [or dramatic] writings were employed as a method of teaching, whereby what is new and abstruse may find an easier passage to the understanding. It was on this account that the world was then full of fables

*See our 'Coincidences, Bacon and Shake-speare,' page 137.

and parables of all sorts; and even now, if any one should wish to let new light on any subject into men's minds, and without offense or harshness, one must still go the same way, and call in the aid of the imagination. Metaphorical writing has ever been a kind of ark in which the most precious things of life are preserved. It is in truth philosophy, and I hold it to be, in honor and importance, next to religion."

Wisdom of the Ancients.

Furthermore, we may now explain, what has hitherto been inexplicable, the existence of a hyphen between the two syllables, *Shake* and *speare*, as printed in many of the original quartos and also in the folio of 1623. It occurs fifteen times in the early editions, and therefore cannot be, as claimed by our friends who advocate the cause of superstition in this controversy, a printer's blunder, for it must have been made, if made in that way at all, at many different times and in many different places. No other similar name, pseudonymous or otherwise, has ever been found, or, as we believe, can be found in the history of the world. It is precisely the one, translated from the Greek word Pallas, without the change of a single letter, and including also the strange hyphen, under which the Shake-speare dramas were actually written.

Furthermore again, many Latin elegies, as it is well known, were produced in Oxford and Cambridge in honor of Bacon at his death. In these he is not only called the "tenth muse," but he is lamented under the name of Pallas itself. He is even praised as a singer, thus: "He sings of Nature's laws and princes' secrets, as though he were privy councillor of them both."

IN a lecture on Francis Bacon's essays, recently delivered in our American Cambridge by an instructor of Harvard university, the audience, when the essay of Love had been read, was convulsed with laughter by the quizical injunction addressed to it "Fancy Bacon writing 'Romeo and Juliet!'" Lord Tennyson, had he been present, would undoubtedly have been in full sympathy with the spirit of the occasion, for he also, referring to the same essay, once asked, "Could Bacon, holding such sentiments, have written 'Romeo and Juliet?'" Tennyson's own answer to the question was this: "any man who believes that he could have done so is a fool," Indeed, the opinion among cultivated people on both sides of the Atlantic, that the greatest essayist England has produced, the greatest with one possible exception the world has produced, and, according to Macaulay, the "possessor of the most exquisitely constructed intellect ever bestowed on any of the children of men" was incapacited by a constitutional defect in his character to write the garden scene in the famous play is so general that we are brought face to face with a new problem, not in authorship alone, but in psychology itself. The question is not one of intellectual power, of style of writing, of differences in poetry and prose as expressions of thought, but of the heart, of pure feeling. It was the seeming incongruity on this point and on this only for the moment that drew the remark in question from the

learned professor and the merriment with which it was received by his auditors.

If there be one judgment concerning Francis Bacon in which all are agreed, it is that he was the most gifted interpreter of human nature the world has ever known. His name is in this respect always on the tongue with Shakespeare's. Henry Hallam, perhaps the foremost critic of the English-speaking race, compares him "with Aristotle, Thucydides, Tacitus, Philippe de Comines, Machiavel, Davila, Hume, with the historians most celebrated for their deep insight into civil society and human character," and then declares that Bacon may almost be said to equal "all of them together;" even Alexander Pope, in the same breath with his famous sneer, called him the "wisest of mankind." Sir William Rawley, who was Bacon's chaplain and who knew him best, says, that on the subject of character Bacon seems to have had a beam of knowledge directly derived from God."

Now, how can this be, if Bacon did not possess the key that unlocks more than one half of the enigmas of the world; that explains more than one half of the difficult and perplexing situations in which men and women find themselves in the conduct of life? If the tenderest and sweetest of passions were a stranger to Bacon's heart, how could Hepworth Dixon have painted this picture of him:

"A soft voice, a laughing lip, a melting heart, made him hosts of friends. No child could resist the spell of his sweet speech, of his tender smile, of his grace without study, his frankness without guile."

"All his pores lie open to external nature; birds and flowers delight his eye; his pulse beats quick at

the sight of a fine horse, a ship in full sail, a soft sweep of country; everything holy, innocent and gay acts on his spirits like wine on a strong man's blood. Joyous, helpful, swift to do good, slow to think evil, he leaves on every one who meets him a sense of friendliness, of peace and power.

"He hungered, as for food, to rule and bless mankind." We now ask of our readers, who of them can hang, in the chambers of his memory, the portrait of a man more gentle, more charming, more loving than this?

The incidents of Bacon's private life, so far as we have any knowledge of them, do not justify an inference on this subject against him. His treatment of Essex, which Mr. Gladstone could not condemn and which we ourselves deem to have been entirely honorable, is not pertinent to our enquiry. His unsuccessful wooing of Lady Hatton cannot be cited to his prejudice, even though the unfortunate lady did prefer Sir Edward Coke, and against the eight objections of her friends, (the crabbed lawyer's seven children and himself,) actually married him. Nor can we draw any conclusion from the fact that a short time before his death he cancelled a provision he had made in his will in behalf of his wife, for we know absolutely nothing of the circumstances of the case, except that the widow, also immediately afterward, re-entered the bonds of matrimony, this time with her usher.

Unfortunately, we must now seek the truth for a man's private character in the least satisfactory of all sources; that is, in his utterances designed for the public. Bacon's letters, written on every sort of

occasion, have been preserved to us by the hundred, we had almost said by the thousand, but they give us not a hint of any abnormality in the state of his affections or in his regard for the finer sex. We must judge Bacon, as we judge every other person, by the whole tenor of his thought, wherever we find it. The standard of judgment here is not of our choosing, for the question is, have we any reason to believe, with Prof. Copeland of Harvard and the most intelligent audience America can assemble, that Bacon was constitutionally unable to write 'Romeo and Juliet'? If therefore Bacon's sentiments on love can be shown to have been in harmony with Shake-speare's, that question is beyond all controversy settled, and settled favorably to Bacon.

To this comparison we now invite the attention of our readers :

I

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE HYPERBOLICAL.

From Shake-speare	*From Bacon*
"When we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed,—this is the monstrosity in love."—*Troilus and Cressida, III. 2, 76.*	"Speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but love."—*Essay of Love.*

II

A LOVER'S OPINION OF THE PERSON LOVED.

"Why, man, she is mine own, And I as rich in having such a jewel As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl, The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona, II. 4, 166.*	"There was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved."—*Ibid.*

III

LOVE AND WISDOM.

From Shake-speare

"To be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above."—*Troilus and Cressida, III, 2,* 154.

From Bacon

"It is impossible to love and to be wise."—*Ibid.*

The original of this saying appears to have been in Publilius Syrus, a mimographer of the time of Julius Cæsar, who expressed it thus:

"It is scarcely possible for a god to love and be wise."

Bacon, in his 'Advancement of Learning' (1605), transferred the application to man, as follows:

"It is not granted man to love and be wise."

It will be seen that the author of 'Troilus and Cressida' (1609) followed Bacon, rather than the Latin author. That is, both authors made the same deviation from the Latin text.

IV

LOVE BEWITCHES.

"All the charms of love!
Let witchcraft join with beauty."—*Anthony and Cleopatra, II, 1, 20.*

"There be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch but love and envy."—*Essay of Envy.*

V

LOVE CANNOT BE HID

"A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid.
Love's night is noon."—*Twelfth Night, III, 1, 152.*

"Love cannot be hid."—*Promus.*

VI

LOVE MODERATELY

"Love moderately; long love doth so.—*Romeo and Juliet, II, 6, 14.*

"Love me little, love me long."—*Ibid.*

VII

A BOY'S LOVE.

From Shake-speare

"He's mad that trusts in . . . a boy's love."—*King Lear, III, 6, 18.*

From Bacon

"A boy's love doth not last."—*Promus.*

VIII

LOVE IN EYES.

"Tell me, where is [love] bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply:
It is engender'd in the eyes,
with gazing fed."—*Merchant of Venice, III, 2, 63.*

"Love and envy; they come easily into the eye."

"And not by the eye alone, yet most forcibly by the eye."—*Natural History.*

IX

LADIES BANISHED FROM COURT.

Biron. "Give me the paper: let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name."
[Reads] "Item, that no woman shall come within a mile of my court."

"Item, if any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."—*Love's Labor Lost, I. 2, 120.*

"What! nothing but tasks, nothing but working days? No feasting, no music, no dancing, no triumphs, no comedies, no love, no ladies?"—*Gesta Grayorum.*

At the Christmas revels of Gray's Inn, in 1594, a mock court was held by the students there under the management of Francis Bacon. One of the chief orders of the court was to forbid members the society of women. Music, dancing, feasting and other similar diversions were also forbidden. At about the

same time was produced the play of "Love's Labor's Lost" in which another mock court is held, and practically subject to the same orders relating to women. The members of each court were even obliged to take oath not to speak to a woman for the space of three years. The two courts seem to have been modeled alike, not only in many respects under the same rules and regulations, but also under the same pretenses, viz: pursuit of study.

The play was acted before the Queen at Christmas, 1597, but marked on the title-page of the printed copy in the following year as "newly corrected and augmented." This would bring the date of its composition to about the time of the Revels at Gray's Inn.

X

LOVE, A WARFARE.

From Shake-speare	*From Bacon*
"They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars."—*Pericles, I, 1. 38.*	"Lovers never thought their profession sufficiently graced till they had compared it to a warfare."—*The Device.*

XI

YOUTHFUL LOVE.

"It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor, nor he his to her; . . . she must change to youth."—*Othello, I, 3, 342.*	"Love is nourished on young flesh."—*Promus.*
"Love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love."—*Love's Labor's Lost, I, 2, 77.*	

XII

LOVE CREEPS BEFORE IT GOES.

"Love will creep in service where it cannot go."—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona, IV, 2, 19.*	"Love must creep in service where it cannot go."—*Letter to King James.*

Bacon's letter was written in 1610; the play was printed for the first time in 1623.

XIII

KING'S FEARED AND LOVED.

From Shake-speare

"Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty."—*King Henry V, II, 2, 25.*

From Bacon

"That King which is not feared is not loved, ... not loved for fear, but feared for love."—*Essay of a King.*

XIV

LOVED AFTER DEATH.

"I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd [dead]."—*Coriolanus, IV, I, 15.*

"He will be loved when he is dead."—*Promus.*

[What lack you? Question often put in old times by shop-keepers on Cheapside to persons passing.]

XV

LOVE AND GREATNESS.

"Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom."
—*Measure for Measure, I, 4, 2.*

"Great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."—*Essay of Love.*

Othello, the Moor, was certainly a "great spirit," and when it was intimated to him in the Venetian Senate that, should his bride accompany him to the war, he might neglect the business of the State, he answered:

> "Heaven defend your good souls, that you think
> I will your serious and great business scant,
> For she is with me. No; when light-wing'd toys
> Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
> My speculative and offic'd instrument,
> That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
> Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
> And all indign and base adversities
> Make head against my estimation."—*Othello, I, 3, 267.*

The rule of conduct under which Othello acted after his marriage is thus laid down by Bacon:

"They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs."—*Essay of Love.*

We summarise this rule as given on both sides:

My bride's companionship will not make me scant your serious affairs.—*Shakespeare.*

Love must be wholly severed from serious affairs.—*Bacon.*

XVI.

LOVE DEFEATING MEN'S ENDS.

From Shake-speare

"Your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deformed us; fashioning our humors,
Even to the opposed ends of our intents."—*Love's Labor's Lost, V, 2, 748.*

From Bacon

"It maketh men that they can no wise be true to their own ends."—*Essay of Love.*

XVII

SOLDIERS GIVEN TO LOVE.

"We are soldiers,
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove
That means not, hath not, or is is not in love."—*Troilus and Cressida, I, 3, 286.*

"I know not how, but martial men are given to love. I think it is but as they are given to wine, for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures."—*Essay of Love.*

This passage from Bacon's essay was quoted by Lord Tennyson to prove that Bacon, owing to his peculiar sentiments on love, could not have written the plays of Shakespeare. And yet, here is the identical sentiment in 'Troilus and Cressida.' It is equally proclaimed by both authors.

XVIII

LOVE AND MONEY.

"Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is; why, give him gold enough and

"Love does much [for matrimony,] but money does all."—*Ibid.*

marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-an-fifty horses; why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal."—*The Taming of the Shrew, I, 2, 76.*

XIX

THE ART OF WOOING.

From Shake-speare

"Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, V, 2, 49.*

From Bacon

"Fortune has somewhat of the nature of a woman, who, if she be too much wooed, is commonly the farther off."—*Advancement of Learning.*

XX

DEFORMED PERSONS DEVOID OF LOVE.

"Since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
. . . . . .
And this word love, which greybeards call Divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me."—*3 King Henry VI, V, 6, 78.*

"Deformed persons are commonly even with nature, for as nature hath done ill by them, so do they by nature, being for the most part (as the scripture saith) void of natural affection."—*Essay of Deformity.*

King Richard III, according to Shake-speare, was so deformed that dogs in the street barked at him as he passed; and he was so devoid of natural affection that he murdered his wife, his brother Clarence and his two nephews in the Tower; and he died with his mother's curse resting upon him. Both authors attributed these evil deeds to his deformity.

XXI

LOVE IN THE LIVER.

From Shake-speare

"If ever love had interest in his liver."—*Much Ado About Nothing, IV, 1, 232.*

"This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity."—*Love's Labor's Lost, IV, 3, 74.*

"*Ford.* Love my wife?

Pistol. With liver burning hot."—*Merry Wives of Windsor, II, 1, 116.*

"*Soothsayer.* You shall be more beloving than belov'd.

Charmian I had rather heat my liver with drinking."—*Anthony and Cleopatra, I, 1, 22.*

"The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver."—*The Tempest, IV, 1, 55, 56.*

From Bacon

"Plato's opinion who located sensuality in the liver is not to be despised."—*Advancement of Learning.*

XXII

LOVE-VERSES ON TREES.

"O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books.
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."—*As You Like It, III, 2, 5.*

"There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind

"It is a curiosity to have inscriptions or engravings in fruit or trees. This is easily performed by writing with a needle or bodkin or knife or the like, when the fruit or trees are young; for, as they grow, so the letters will grow more large and graphical. *Tenerisque meos incidure amores Arboribus; crescent illae, crescetis amores.*"—*Natural History.*

on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him."—*Ibid, 355.*

The Latin passage in Bacon is quoted from Virgil's Bucolica (Ecl. X, 54), the full text of which may be translated as follows:

"I prefer to endure hardships in a forest, in the haunts of wild beasts, and carve my loves on young trees, then, as the trees grow, ye, my loves, will grow."

We now know whence the dramatist derived the hint for placing wild beasts in the French forest of Arden, and love-verses carved on growing trees there. The play was first printed in the folio of 1623; but Bacon quotes the passage from Virgil in his Promus (1594-6), several years before the play was written. The latter was entered in the stationer's registers August 4th, 1600, or almost immediately after Bacon had made use of the same kind of growing and enchanting love-verses on trees, and taken them, too, from the same classical source as Shake-speare did, if indeed it was Shake-speare himself who must be credited with them.

XXIII

MARK ANTHONY'S LOVE.

From Shake-speare	*From Bacon*
"Look! where they come. *Enter Anthony and Cleopatra.* Take but good note, and you shall see in him	"You may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons, (whereof the memory remaineth, ancient or modern)

The triple pillar of the world, transformed
Into a strumpet's fool."—*Anthony and Cleopatra, I, 1, 10.*

there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love. You must except, nevertheless, Mark Anthony, the half partner of the Empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius."—*Essay of Love.*

The following will also justify Bacon's exceptions:

"*Cleopatra.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Anthony. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleopatra. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Anthony. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth."—*Ibid*

The very man alone, out of all the world (with one exception) whose life Francis Bacon selected to illustrate the "mad degree of love" Shake-speare also selected, out of all with no exception, to illustrate the same thing.

XXIV

FOLLIES OF LOVERS.

From Shake-speare

"Lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit."—*Merchant of Venice, II, 6, 36.*

From Bacon

"A lover always commits some folly."—*Promus.*

XXV

LOVE ITSELF, A FOLLY.

"By love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly."—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona, I, 1, 47.*

Hamlet (*To Ophelia*). "Get thee to a nunnery.
Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what mons-

"Love is a child of folly."—*Essay of Love.*

"There is never any vehement love without some absurdity."—*Letter to Cecil.*

ters you make of them."—*Hamlet, III, 1, 143.*

"I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love. But I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool."—*Much Ado, II, 3, 7-26.*

"So true a fool is love."—*Sonnet 57.*

XXVI

ABSENT LOVERS COMMUNING TOGETHER.

From Shake-speare

"*Imogen.* I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say, ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such . . . . . ;
Or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven with him."—*Cymbeline, I, 4, 25.*

From Bacon

"Some trial should be made whether pact or agreement do anything; as if two friends should agree that on such a day in every week, being in far different places, they should pray one for another, or should put on a ring or tablet, one for another's sake."

XXVII.

LOVE AND FORTUNE.

"Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the

"Whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection quitteth both riches and wisdom."—*Essay of Love.*

"All who, like Paris, prefer

world at naught."—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona, I, 1, 67.*

"The world is lost; we have kiss'd away kingdoms and provinces."—*Anthony and Cleopatra, III, 8, 14.*

beauty, quit, like Paris, wisdom and power."—*De Augmentis.*

XXVIII

FIGURE IN ICE.

From Shake-speare

"This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trench'd in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, III, 2, 6.*

From Bacon

"Is it not written in ice, that when the body relenteth, the impression goeth away?"—*Charge Against Owen.*

Bacon applies the similitude primarily to high treason.

XXIX

ONE NAIL DRIVING OUT ANOTHER.

"As one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a new object quite forgotten."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, II, 4, 191.*

"One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail."—*Coriolanus, 4, 7, 54.*

Clavum clavo pellere (to drive out one nail with another).—*Promus.*

XXX

ANOTHER'S SELF.

"Make thee another self, for love of me."—*Sonnet 10.*

"A friend [lover] is another himself."—*Essay of Friendship.*

XXXI

LOVE, A MADNESS.

"Love is merely [wholly] a madness; and I tell you deserves

"The mad degree of love."—*Essay of Love.*

as well a dark house and a whip* as mad men do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too."—*As You Like It, III, 2, 394.*

XXXII

SUICIDE FOR LOVE.

From Shake-speare

Roderigo. "I will incontinently drown myself.

It is silliness to live when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician."

Iago. "I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

What you call love is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will."

"Come, be a man! drown thy self? Drown cats and blind puppies."—*Othello, 1, 3, 318.*

From Bacon

"Men ought the more to beware of this passion, for it hath its floods in the very time of weakness, which are great prosperity and great adversity."—*Essay of Love.*

In Iago's speech, quoted above, we have Shake-speare's definition of Love: 'A lust of the blood and

*Whipping was the common penalty, inflicted upon insane people, in Shake-speare's time. Even so good a man as Sir Thomas More sent women who were acknowledged to be insane to the whipping post before he was himself put to death. The author of the Shake-speare dramas also approved of this punishment. And so did Bacon. One of Bacon's most intimate friends on the continent, one whom he delighted to visit at his home in Geneva, was Theodore Beza. Beza was especially severe against those who believed insanity to be a natural malady, and declared: "Such persons are refuted both by sacred and profane history."

a permission of the will.' Permission is derived from the latin —*per* (intensive) and *mittere*, to send away, to banish utterly. This is one of many proofs that a thorough classical scholar, as Bacon was, wrote the play. This is precisely what Bacon calls (as above) "the mad degree of love," that is, giving the rein to one's passion.

XXXIII

LOVE'S KEEPSAKES.

From Shake-speare	*From Bacon*
"Give me your gloves; I'll wear them for your sake; And for your love, I'll take this ring from you."—*Merchant of Venice, IV, 1, 426.*	"It helpeth to continue love, if one wear a ring, or a bracelet of the hair of the party beloved; perhaps a glove, or other like favor, may as well do it."—*Natural History.*

XXXIV

LOVE FLATTERS.

"O, flatter me, for love delights in praises."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, 4, 5, 148.*	"There is no flatterer like a lover."—*Conference of Pleasure.*

XXXV

LOVE AND CHAOS.

"When I love thee not, Chaos is come again."—*Othello, III, 3, 92.*	"Chaos is restrained and kept in order by the concord of things, which is love."—*De Augmentis.*

Othello indentifies his individual love for Desdemona with Cupid, the first of the gods, who, united with Chaos, created all things, and reduced the world to order. That is to say, in Bacon's system of philosophy Love is the force that binds the universe together; and therefore Othello asserts, with the usual hyperbolism of lovers, that should his own love for Desdemona cease, Chaos would come again.

XXXVI

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND LOVE.

From Shake-speare

"Cupid all arm'd ; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thron'd by the west ;
And loos'd his love shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy-free."—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1 (1600).

From Bacon

"Your Majesty shall first see your own invaluable value, and thereby discern that the favors you vouchsafe are pure gifts and no exchanges. And if any be so happy as to have his affection accepted, yet your prerogative is such as they stand bound, and your Majesty is free."—*Device of the Indian Prince* (1595).

Both authors, it will be seen, assert that Queen Elizabeth was capable of inspiring the passion of love in others while she herself was always free from it.

"In maiden meditation fancy†-free."—*Shake-speare.*

"In affection others stand bound, but your majesty is free."—*Bacon.*

The foregoing citations will, we think, suffice for our present purpose. Bacon's "Essay of Love" embraces from first to last, according to our enumerations, fifteen points, modifying, conditioning and displaying that trait of character within certain limits of dramatization, every one of which is beyond all question in the Shakespeare plays, and nearly or quite every one duplicated, in prose and verse, in the above list. We ask our readers, friends and foes alike, to test the truth of this statement.

† This word *fancy* was formerly used for *love*.

We may now claim, and we think with perfect justice, that our two authors were in total agreement on the subject of love. Indeed, the fact is not without recognition among intelligent commentators, as per example:

"In 'Venus and Adonis' the goddess after the death of her favorite utters a curse upon love which contains in the germ, as it were, the whole development of the subject as Shake-speare has unfolded it in the series of his dramas."—*G. G. Gervinus.** Professor at Heidelberg.

Fortunately we have another Essay of Love with which to compare Bacon's; it was written, as everybody agrees, by the author of 'Romeo and Juliet' himself! It differs from Bacon's, that is, from what is known as Bacon's, in two respects: It is in verse while Bacon's is in prose; but this circumstance does not of course affect the quality of the sentiments. From a certain point of view it is worse than Bacon's, a veritable curse on Love. We give it entire:

"Here I prophesy:
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,

*Dr. F. J. Furnivall, founder and leading Director of the London Shakespeare Society, pronounces Gervinus' Commentaries as the best books thus far written "to help the student to understand Shakespeare's mind, growth and purpose." We agree with Furnivall in this estimate, as true at the time when it was written.

Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures.
It shall be raging mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be, where it shows most toward;
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissention 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."—
Venus and Adonis.

We wonder whether Lord Tennyson, Professor Goldwin Smith or Instructor Copeland ever heard of this curse? If so, how could they, solely on account of certain unsympathetic sentiments uttered by Bacon on Love, have denied his capacity to write 'Romeo and Juliet'? Is there anything on the subject, either in Bacon or in the whole world's literature more unsympathetic than this from one of Shakespeare's own poems? Surely, if Bacon could not have written the play on the ground alleged, then, *a fortiori*, the author of 'Venus and Adonis' himself could not have done so.

We now come to that other love which, as Bacon claims in the same essay and which Shakespeare proves in his Cymbeline, "perfecteth mankind." We have found our two authors thus far in full agreement but, we ask, are they so throughout the whole sphere of the passion? Does Bacon anywhere recog-

nize love, as Shakespeare certainly does in "The Tempest" and elsewhere, to be a divine faculty of the soul?

On the Queen's birthday, in 1592, at a "Conference of Pleasure" (so called) in Gray's Inn, Bacon delivered a speech on Love. He was then nearly thirty-two years of age. We have a right to assume, and we do assume, that he then expressed the true sentiments of his heart. This speech, somewhat condensed from an imperfect copy of it that has come down to us*, we now submit to our readers:

"My praise shall be dedicated to the happiest state of the mind, to the noblest affection. I shall teach lovers to love, that have all this while loved by rote. I shall give them the Alphabet of Love.

"Let no man fear the yoke of fortune that's in the yoke of love. What fortune can be such a Hercules as shall be able to overcome two?

"Assuredly no person ever saw at any time the mind of another but in love. Love is the only passion that opens the heart. If not the highest, it is the sweetest affection of all others.

"When one foreseeth withal that to his many griefs cannot be added solitude, but that he shall have a partner to bear them, this quieteth the mind.

"Consider again the delight of concurrence in desire without emulation. If two be but set at a game they love, or labor together in some one work or invention, mark how well pleased, how well disposed, how contented they be. So then, if minds are

*It was first discovered in the Northumberland House library, London, in 1867, but found to have been injured by fire at some unknown time in the past. Much of it is now illegible.

sharpened against minds, as iron is against iron, in every action, what shall we think of that union and conjunction of minds which love worketh? What vigor, what alacrity must it give!

"It is noted that absolute idleness and leisure, when the mind is altogether without object, is but languishing and weariness. How precious then is love, which is the sweetest repose from travails and affairs, and the sweetest employment in leisure and idleness!

"The virtues are moderators, they are the laws of the mind; they retain the mind, they limit it; they are as the mill when it is set upon a rich stone; here it grindeth out a race and there a grain, to make it wear more fair; but in the meantime the stone loseth carats. So with the virtues; they polish the mind; they make it without blemish; they give it excellent form, but commonly they diminish its natural vigor.

"Love contrariwise is a pure gain and advancement in nature; not a good by comparison, but a true good; not an ease of pain, but a true purchase of pleasures; and therefore, when our minds are soundest, when they are not, as it were, in sickness and out of taste, but when we be in prosperity, when we want nothing, then is the season, and the opportunity, and the spring of love.

"Therefore, if all delight of sense affect love; if the understanding be tributary to love; if love offereth the sweetest contentment to him that desireth to rule, the comfortablest promise to him that looketh into his fortune, the surest hope to him that seekest to survive himself, the most flattering glass to him that loveth to view himself with advantage, the greatest

union of mind to him that desireth the most refreshing repose from action, the most acceptable entertainment to him that would offer the most pleasing object to the most imprinting sense, let us make our suit to love, that gathereth the beams of so many pleasures into a flame in the soul of man."

The following is from the 'Advancement of Learning':

"Love is called the bond of Perfection, because it comprehendeth and fasteneth all virtues together. If a man's mind be truly enkindled with love, his character will be improved by this passion more than it can be by all the principles of morality combined. The angels, aspiring to be like God in power, transgressed and fell; man, aspiring to be like God in knowledge, transgressed and fell; but, by aspiring to be like God in goodness or love, neither man nor angel ever transgressed or shall transgress.

"Love is a better teacher for human life than a left-handed sophist; for with all the latter's laborious rules and precepts he cannot form a man so dexterously, nor with that facility to prize and govern himself in all things, as love can do."

APPENDIX.

We now give Francis Bacon's famous Essay of Love in full with our much needed exposition of it.

"The stage is more beholding to Love than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief, sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. You may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons (whereof

the memory remaineth, either ancient or modern), there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. You must except, nevertheless, Marcus Antonius, the half-partner of the Empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius, the decemvir and lawgiver; whereof the former was indeed a voluptuous man and inordinate, but the latter was an austere and wise man; and, therefore it seems (though rarely) that love can find entrance, not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept. It is a poor saying of Epicurus: *Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus* [Each is to the other a theatre large enough]; as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes. It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things, by this: that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love. Neither is it merely [wholly] in the phrase, for, whereas it hath been well said that "the arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence," is a man's self, certainly the lover is more. For there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and, therefore, it was well said that *it is impossible to love and be wise.* Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved, but to the loved most of all, except the love be reciproque. For it is a true rule, that love is ever

rewarded either with the reciproque or an inward and secret contempt. By how much the more men ought to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things, but itself. As for the other losses, the poet's relation doeth well figure them: that he that preferred Helena quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas; for whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection quitteth both riches and wisdom.

"This passion hath his floods in the very time of weakness, which are, great prosperity and great adversity, though this latter hath been less observed; both which times kindle love and make it more fervent and therefore show it to be the child of folly. They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends.

"I know not how, but martial men are given to love. I think it is but as they are given to wine, for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures. There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion toward love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread itself toward many, and maketh men become humane and charitable, as it is seen sometimes in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it."

THE KEY TO THIS ESSAY is found in the first sentence of it, where, naturally, the author's special point of view in writing it is distinctly implied. The subject is Love as seen on the stage; that is, not in the seclusion and privacy of home where it properly

belongs, but before the eyes of the public. This accounts not only for the absolute unity of the conception in Bacon and Shake-speare, but also for the perfect truthfulness with which the passion is everywhere analyzed and portrayed. We must express our regret that the three distinguished literati whom we have quoted herein did not on this occasion exhibit their usual critical acumen and good sense. In the case of the poet laureate, however, ignorance was no justification for intemperate language.

THE TRUE STORY OF
STRATFORD
UPON
AVON

Contents

I Shakspere's Birthplace 35

II Anne Hathaway's Cottage 46

III New Place 49

IV The Mulberry Tree 50

V The Grammar School 54

(Taken from the Records)

I

THE BIRTHPLACE.

THE well-known house on Henley street, now generally claimed to have been the house in which Shakspere, the reputed poet, had his birth, was first pointed out as such on the occasion of Garrick's famous Shaksperean jubilee, held there in 1769, two hundred and five years after Shakspere was born. This necessity, thus imposed upon the inhabitants, of selecting a birthplace for one who had long been forgotten* among them threw the town into commotion. Three different houses at once became competitors for the honor, and they all remained so in dispute until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when one of them, the Brooks house on the banks of the river, was conveniently torn down†. This reduced the perplexing number of birthplaces to two. Another stood near the cemetery and had in its favor a tradition that Shakspere wrote the ghost scene in Hamlet in full view of its grave-stones from his window at dead of night; but as this story is told also of Westminster Abbey, where the reputed author was said to have passed a night alone for the same purpose, the Henley street house easily acquired in course of time the undisputed supremacy which it holds to-day.

It is practically certain, however, that Shakspere was not ushered into the world in any one of these

*The Reverend John Ward of Stratford, writing forty-seven years after Shakspere's death, made the following entry in his diary:

"Remember to peruse Shakspere's plays, that I may not be ignorant of them;"—"as though," says Professor Else, "he were mentally tying a knot in his handkerchief."

†Said to have been done by Mr. Hunt, the Town clerk.

dwellings. His father was living on Henley street (particular location unknown) in 1552, at which time he was fined by the town authorities for maintaining an unsightly mass of stable manure in the street in front of his dwelling. Four years later he purchased the copyhold of a house on the same street, evidently for his own occupancy, for the purchase was made on the eve of his marriage with Mary Arden. In 1575, eleven years after William's birth (1564), he also purchased two freehold houses in Stratford, though in what part of the town we have no evidence to show. Even if we concede that the last mentioned are those now shown respectively as the birth-place and the wool-shop on Henley street, still, as these are freehold property and were freehold when purchased, they cannot be identified with any of the copyhold premises that were in John Shakspere's possession or occupancy previously to 1575. We know, too, that John Shakspere was still occupying a copyhold house, with another of the same kind adjoining, as lately as in 1597, on which he paid rent to the lord of the manor amounting to thirteen pence and six pence per annum respectively. These were mud cottages; that is, (as described by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps) cottages with thatched roofs, supported by mud walls.*

* In 1597 a small strip of this land in the occupancy of John Shakspere was sold off and the manorial rental accordingly reduced from 13d. to 12d., at which sum it remained until William Shakspere's death in 1616, at which time the property went to Joan Hart, still at the manorial rental of 12d.

The lord of the manor to whom these estates belonged died in 1589. An inventory of his property, taken in the following year and still extant, shows that he possessed on Henley street, thirty of these hovels on which the rental averages seven pence (14 cents) per annum.

It appears, then, that William Shakspere was not born in the house now shown to visitors as the birthplace, nor did he ever live in it. The guide-book, still in use at Stratford, makes the extraordinary assertion that the "history of this building is perfectly clear, so that the only argument that can be brought against it is, that the poet may not have been *actually* born there. When some years ago, an American speculator (Mr. P. T. Barnum) undertook to buy the structure for transportation across the Atlantic, a Stratford newspaper announced that their local antiquaries would then be "likely to prove that the house never was Shakspere's at all, and that the Yankees had bought a pig in a poke." And Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in view of the same contingency, also publicly declared that he would then gladly unite with others in showing that Shakspere was born in some other part of the town. Who now can doubt that this gentleman, after spending thirty years of his life in historical researches in and around Stratford, possessed special qualifications for making the following statement:

"Stratford-on-Avon under the management of its oligarchy, instead of being, as it ought to be, the center of Shaksperean research, has become the seat of Shaksperean charlatanry." — *Halliwell-Phillipp's Stratford Records, 8.*

The same writer also says:

"It was not till the jubilee of 1769 that the tendency to the fabrication of Shaksperean anecdotes and relics at Stratford became manifest. All kinds of deception have since been practiced there."

At a meeting held in Stratford for the purchase

431967

of the so-called birthplace in behalf of the nation in 1847, a circular letter, stating the facts and appealing for funds, was drawn up. One of the speakers moved to amend the letter by inserting the word "probable" in the clause designating the property as the birthplace of Shakspere. This was met with the objection that if the public should thus become advised of the existence of a doubt on the point, the money might not be forthcoming. The amendment was promptly voted down. At the sale of the premises, September 16, 1847, the auctioneer denounced all doubts on the subject as "sacrilegious."

But whatever hesitation there may be in regard to the building, none can exist as to its contents. Here the deception is absolute and glaring. The museum of relics to which a part of the premises is devoted appears to have originally been opened to the public as a private enterprise by a Mrs. Hornby, soon after the Garrick Jubilee in 1769. We first hear of it in 1777, at which time the sole relic on exhibition was an arm-chair which the "great dramatist" was said to have used. This chair was sold to a Russian princess, in 1790, for twenty guineas and carried away; but in 1815 Washington Irving found it in its accustomed place! Among the articles which Mrs. Hornby finally collected together and exhibited as Shakspere's personal belongings were carved oak chests, portions of a carved bedstead, an iron deed-box, a sword, a lantern, pieces of the famous mulberry tree, a card and dice box, a table cloth of black velvet embroidered with gold (said to have been a gift of Queen Elizabeth), one of Mrs. Shakspere's shoes, a drinking glass made expressly for Shakspere during his last

illness, and the table on which he wrote his works,—all of which without a single exception were denounced by R. B. Wheeler, historian of Stratford and author of the first local guide-book, as scandalous impositions. "As to the relics" says Mr. Wheeler in his "Historical and Descriptive Account of the Birthplace of Shakspere," published in 1824, "they scarcely deserve a word, except in reprobation." "It is well known," he added "that there does not exist a single article that ever belonged to Shakspere." In 1812 a visitor from America (Mr. Perkins of Boston) presented to Mrs. Hornby, an album in which names of visitors to the house might be entered; in this we meet with the names of people who it is certain never set foot in Stratford, including the Prince Regent (afterward King George IV), the Duke of Wellington and several members of the Orleans family of France. It is not surprising to find that this album was the first in a long line of similar albums, all well filled by the industrious Mrs. Hornby and her dupes.* But it is surprising to learn that this fraudulent collection, having been removed from the so-called birth house in 1820, and since then deservedly condemned to oblivion, was sold at public auction in England as lately as June 4, 1896, for the sum of £130, 18s.

To show how the moral character of the town has degenerated under the influence of this peculiar commercialism during the past one hundred years, we have only to compare the local guide book, written for visitors of the last century with that now in use

* "Fictitious names are abundantly inserted in this and all other albums."—*R. B. Wheeler.*

(Ward's): the early one tells us that all the old relics are frauds; the latest says: "let us have faith in the relics."*

We now quote from Washington Irving's account of his visit to the house in 1815:

"The house is shown by a garrulous old lady with a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakspere shot the deer on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box, which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword, also, with which he played Hamlet; and the artificial lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakspere's mulberry tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the True Cross, of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakspere's chair. It stands in the chimney-nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching a slowly revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening listening

* Mr. Ward subjects the faith of Americans, visiting the town, to a special and most cruel test, for he points out the house in which the mother of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University, was born! Unfortunately however, we are not informed whether the birth was *actual* or not.

to the cronies and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit; whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard, I am at a loss to say; I merely mention the fact, and mine hostess privately assures me that, though built of solid oak, such is the fervent zeal of devotees, the chair has to be newly bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice, also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for, though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner . . . . There is nothing like resolute, good-humored credulity in these matters, and on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, unluckily for my faith, she put in my hands a play of her own composition, which set all belief in her consanquinity at defiance."—*Sketch-Book*.

When the building passed into the hands of trustees, holding it in behalf of the nation, in 1847, the museum was restocked, but with materials not less pretentious and absurd than before. We now see the desk at which Shakspere sat at school, though it is not known that he attended school a day in his life. Furthermore it is a comparatively modern desk, and in shape and dimensions such as were used in the last century by ushers, never by pupils. We see also a signet ring, engraved with the initials, W. S., and

alleged to have been discovered upon the surface of the ground near the church in 1810. A labourer's wife, walking through a much frequented mill-close, accidentally put her foot on it, where it had been lying undisturbed (as the faithful believe) since Shakspere's death, or one hundred and ninety-four years! We see, also, a new portrait of Shakspere, kept within a fire-proof safe and brought to the view of visitors with impressive solemnity. The history of this portrait is, to say the least, peculiar. It was found in a lumber-room in the house of Mr. Hunt, town clerk, about thirty six years ago (1871). No one knew when or how it came there, or whom it represented. "The face was covered," so Mr. Norris in his 'Portraits of Shakspere' tells us, "with a large black beard and moustache, the beard so arranged as nearly to cover the face, utterly disfigure it. An artist was summoned from London who soon discovered, or thought he discovered, that the beard had been painted upon the face at some time subsequent to the date of the original work and could be removed. He accordingly removed it and thus disclosed (we are asked to believe) an undoubted likeness of Shakspere! The remarkable story, devised by the people of Stratford to account for this disfigurement, is thus given by Mrs. Henry Pott to whom it was communicated in 1888:

"When we visited Stratford-on-Avon, five years ago, we were fortunate enough to do so under the guidance of the President of the Birmingham Shakespeare Society and of the Vicar. Said our chief conductor: Now you are to see one of our great treasures, an undoubted portrait of William Shak-

spere. It came from the house of his elder daughter, Susanna, who married in 1607, Dr. John Hall, the medical practitioner of the town."

Three thousand pounds, we were told, had been paid for the picture. "Yes," (we were further told) "and a much higher price would have been demanded, had we been certain that this was a portrait of the poet. But that was not really ascertained until, under the hands of the cleaner, the disguising beard was removed, revealing the clean-shaven face of the actor."

"What!" I said, "a beard, painted over the portrait! Why so?" I exclaimed. "Well," "you see, was the reply, Susannah had married above her station; for although in those days doctors had no position in society, yet they were far above actors, and in puritan times when the stage was in such a state of degradation, no respectable married woman would wish to have a portrait of her father, *as an actor*, hanging in her house."—*Baconiana, I, 21.*

This is, of course, an absurd piece of fiction; but it becomes still more absurd when the character of the portrait itself is examined. Painted from the bust, as there can be little doubt, it has the features of the bust, the true Warwickshire type of physiognomy as found among the masses of the people; without the slightest indications of sensibility or refinement. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says of it:

"As a suggestion of the face of Shakspere, it would be very good, save for the weakness, want of power, and indeed the vacuity, which is to be seen in it. I have very little, if any, doubt that this portrait was copied from the bust, probably about the time of the jubilee in 1769."

To Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' testimony we add Dr. Furnivall's:

"The beery, loose-looking picture in the so-called birth-place is a special abomination to me."

Susannah Shakspere had been in her grave one hundred years before this miserable travesty, so characteristic ot the town, was produced.

It is mortifying to confess that a large number of the persons who visit Stratford to see these relics, are Americans. The people of England have so little knowledge of them and take so little interest in them that the Saturday Review, the chief literary authority in London, announced to its readers a short time ago, that the principal beams and rafters of the birth-house had been taken out, carried to America and set up there; and in the preface to the Savory edition of Shakespere's Works, published in London in 1896, we are informed by the editor that the structure itself had been transported across the Atlantic and a mere imitation of it erected in its place. The hideous drinking-fountain, established in one of the public squares of Stratford by an American, may well put a period to these farcical pilgrimages.

About ten years ago Mr. Joseph Skipsey who for some considerable time had been a highly esteemed custodian of the so-called birth-place in Stratford (placed there on the recommendation of Mr. John Morley) suddenly and unexpectedly resigned his position and left town. It appears, however, that he made an explanation at the time in writing which he intrusted to a friend, but with the injunction that nothing should be divulged to the public concerning it until after his death. He died in 1903. In The

Times newspaper, (London), of recent date we now have a full statement of the case in Mr. Skipley's own words. He resigned in effect because he was disgusted with the innumerable frauds to which he found himself committed there in the discharge of his official duties. As to the relics, he expressly declared that they had become on thorough investigation a "stench in his nostrils."

It is unfortunate, we must add, that Mr. Skipsey's successor in office in the so-called birthplace was not chosen with some slight regard at least for moral qualifications. At a recent visit of our own there the new portrait of Shakspere, from the face of which the beard had been removed in process of cleansing, was duly exhibited. For the purpose of testing the honesty of the performance, we inquired whether this portrait, as now shown, is in the same condition as it was when first discovered in Hunt's lumber room. The answer was given with a good deal of feeling and very severe looks in the affirmative.

It is a common thing for visitors in this house to purchase the privilege of lying down upon the floor and rolling over, again and again, upon it. One man even spent a considerable sum of money for permission to spend a night there. "You can't imagine" is said to be a frequent remark made by American visitors, "how much we think of Shakspere in America!" "The only place in England which he, who is sometimes honored with the name of 'Shakspere's Scholar', regrets having visited is where Shakspere was born and buried."—*Richard Grant White, England Within and Without.* p. 530.

II.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

THE earliest notice of Anne Hathaway that has come down to us is contained in Rowe's biography of Shakspere, prefixed to his edition of the Shakspere plays and published in 1709, one hundred and fifty three years after her birth. Rowe says that she was the "daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighborhood of Stratford." In a Ms. revision of this work, made in 1750 or thereabouts by the Reverend Joseph Greene, master of the Stratford Grammar school, the following was interlineated: "probably of a place about a mile from thence, called Luddington, where a substantial family of that name and occupation still resides." Subsequently, Greene revised the account again, making it read a third time as follows: "probably at that place about half a mile from thence, called Shotteriche, where a creditable family of the name aforesaid till within these few years resided." He then points out the house where Anne was born, but not the one now recognized as her birthplace. Hence it appears that as late as 1770, one year after the great Garrick jubilee and two hundred and fourteen years after she was born, the maiden residence of Anne Hathaway was utterly unknown in Stratford. It was not till twenty five years later still, in 1795, in Ireland's 'Picturesque Views of the Warwickshire Avon' that the first reference to what is now called the "Anne Hathaway cottage" appeared in print. No pretence existed that any tradition to that effect had come down to Ireland's time. Ireland says that

he derived his information from one Mr. Harte, a chance acquaintance, who assumed to know, without the help of family records and in the absence of any local interest in the subject, who it was, in the outskirts of a small village and in a neighborhood where very few, if any, of the people could read or write, had occupied an ordinary thatched cottage two hundred and forty years or eight generations before.*

The official designation of these premises as the home of Shakspere's bride must therefore (to use the words of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps) be "one of those many lamentable attempts that have been made to deceive the world in all that relates to the great dramatist." He says further: "There is unhappily no tradition indicating the birthplace of Shakspere's Anne upon which the least reliance can be placed."

We quote also a still higher authority, the gentleman who was Mr. Joseph Skipsey's friend and confidant when the latter was custodian of the so-called birthplace:

"The thousands of visitors who have been to Anne Hathaway's cottage under the impression that it is a Shakspere shrine have been, in my opinion, labouring under a delusion; and those who have chatted with Mrs. Baker under the impression that they were in touch with a representative of Shakspere's wife's family have probably been labouring under another delusion greater still. All the nonsense about "Anne Hatha-

* How credulous Ireland was, appears from the fact that, having had an old farm-house pointed out to him by a notorious forger of the name of Jordan as the scene of Shakspere's imprisonment after the alleged deer-stealing escapade, he inserted an engraving of it in his book. He was himself the father of the young Ireland who was a still more noted forger.

way's bedroom," "Anne Hathaway's window," from which she looked to see William Shakspere coming across the fields, "Anne Hathaway's corner in the main room" where she and Shakspere sat in their courting days, must be dismissed as the idlest of suppositions. . . . There is not an iota of proof that Shakspere ever entered the house. It is open to doubt that his wife was ever there."—*Cuming Walters, Birmingham Gazette.*

Before leaving this subject, we are obliged to add that the woman whom the reputed poet was forced by his bride's family to marry, who was eight years his senior, and whose witnesses were so ignorant that they couldn't write their names, was entered on the records as Anne Whately. This has never been explained except by ridiculous guess work. In another respect the woman was unfortunate; for when she became a widow, she married again, preferring to be buried under the name of Mrs. Richard James, as she actually was, to that of Mrs. William Shakspere.

In the register of burials in the church at Stratford the burial of Ann, widow of Richard James, is recorded thus:

Aug. 8 { Mrs. Shakspere
Ann, uxor Ricardi James.

Evidently these carefully bracketed names were those of one and the same person. This was Howard Staunton's opinion. See Conway's autobiography, II, 10.

III

NEW PLACE.

THE street on the south side of New Place, Shakspere's residence during the latter part of his life, was sometimes called Chapel Lane and sometimes Dead Lane. It was almost impassable with mud and every kind of filth that any person chose to put there. Halliwell-Phillipps says that "its fetid ditches, dung-hills, pigsties, mud walls and thatched barns must have presented [in Shakspere's time] an extremely squalid appearance. Into and by the side of the wide open ditch that ran through it, heaps of manure, ashes, contents of privies, broken crockery-ware, dead cats and every other kind of rubbish were continually thrown by the inhabitants. The records show that it was the dirtiest locality in the town. When in 1645 the plague raged in Stratford, nearly all the people in Chapel Lane were infected. And yet it was on this nasty street that the reputed poet lived the last twelve years of his life and through which he daily left and entered his dwelling. Here also, according to James Russell Lowell, he spent much of his leisure time, leaning over the gate and bandying quips with his neighbors.

IV

THE MULBERRY TREE.

THE story of the famous mulberry tree was first told by Mr. R. B. Wheler in his guide book to Stratford-upon-Avon in 1814. It is as follows:

"Shakspere's home was sold to the Reverend Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsam in Cheshire. The celebrated mulberry tree, planted by Shakspere's hand, became first an object of his dislike, because it subjected him to answer the frequent importunities of travellers whose zeal might prompt them to visit it, and to hope that they might meet inspiration under its shade. In an evil hour the sacrilegious priest ordered the tree, then remarkably large and at its full growth, to be cut down; which was no sooner done than it was cleft to pieces for firewood. This took place in 1756, to the great regret and vexation not only of the inhabitants, but of every admirer of our bard. The greater part of it was, however, soon after purchased by Mr. Thomas Sharp, watchmaker, of Stratford; who, well acquainted with the value set upon it by the world, turned it much to his advantage by converting every fragment into small boxes, goblets, tooth-pick cases, tobacco-stoppers and numerous other articles. Nor did New Place long escape the destructive hand of Mr. Gastrell, who, being compelled to pay the assessments towards the maintenance of the poor, in the heat of his anger declared that that house should never be assessed again; . . . In 1759 he razed the building to the ground, disposed of the materials

and left Stratford, amidst the rage and curses of its inhabitants."

Mr. Wheler has been unhesitatingly followed by nearly every biographer of Shakspere to the present time, one of them condensing the above statement thus:

"New Place has lost most of its attraction since Gastrell, vilest of English Goths, cut down the mulberry tree, and sold the house which Shakspere had arranged for himself and in which he lived and died, for old rubbish, at so much a load."—*Hepworth Dixon, 1861.*

Will it be believed that this whole story, told with so much particularity and duly interspersed with flashes of indignant comment, contains, so far as the Reverend Mr. Gastrell is concerned, not one word of truth?

Shakspere's house, purchased by him in 1759 and called New Place, was demolished and a new one erected on its site by John Clopton in 1702, probably before Gastrell was born, certainly more than fifty years before Gastrell came into possession of the premises. Nothing was left of the old structure but a small portion of the underground stone work, not exceeding at any point fifteen inches in height. This is what the Shaksperean biographers, who wish to convey the impression that the old house was still standing in Gastrell's time, euphemistically call "internal and external alterations." It was the new Clopton house, built eighty-six years after Shakspere's death which Mr. Gastrell demolished. As to the tree, it appears that when Mr. Gastrell bought the premises in 1756 he found a huge mulberry tree

shading the windows and so decayed that it was in danger of falling by its own weight. His wife accordingly ordered it to be felled. Mr. Davis in his Life of Garrick, published in 1780, says that it rendered the house "subject to damps and moisture;" in addition to which we have the testimony of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, expressed in his usual inflated style, that the axe of the woodman "had but briefly anticipated its natural extinction."

Furthermore the most diligent research has failed to discover the existence in Stratford of any tradition connecting this tree with Shakspere until after it had been taken down. The origin of the myth is directly traceable to the shrewd artisan who bought the trunk and boughs for firewood at firewood prices, and immediately afterward put in operation with them a money-making scheme at the expense of the credulity of the public. Washington Irving who visited Stratford in 1815 remarked the "extraordinary powers of self-multiplication which the tree possessed;" and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, writing fifty years later still, reports the manufacture of small articles from it as in full blast to that date. One of the last made snuff boxes, sold as a relic of this tree and long preserved by its deluded purchaser as a souvenir of Shakspere, was found to be of maple.

Mr. Gastrell's difficulty with the authorities of the town had nothing to do with this matter of the mulberry tree, although it may have been, and probably was, aggravated in some measure by his refusal to sanction a transparent fraud. To the sturdy independence of his character and rectitude of purpose the cupidity of the inhabitants was in vain opposed.

"That Mr. Gastrell resisted so unjust and improper a tax reflects no discredit upon him." — *Halliwell-Phillipps.*

"No record of Shakspere's mulberry tree has been discovered of a date previous to its destruction. The tradition respecting it is the only evidence which has reached us of any sort of interest taken by the dramatist in horticulture."—*Ibid.*

It is worthy of note that a precisely similar story is told of the Gastrells in reference to another tree, in the town where the family resided after leaving Stratford.

History furnishes no parallel to the imposition that prevails on this subject in and around Stratford; a whole community devoting itself more than one hundred years to every kind of deception and fraud for commercial purposes in the name of a poet; whilst a nation of thirty million of people, admittedly one of the most intelligent and high-minded in the world, looks on and approves.

Under these circumstances we may even forgive Count Leo Tolstoy for his failure to worship the Stratford false god.

V

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

THE inhabitants of Stratford-upon-Avon in Shakspere's time were grossly illiterate. There were few or no books in the community, because there were few or no people residing there able to read them. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, who devoted thirty years of his life to the records of Stratford and vicinity, estimates the whole number then owned there, "exclusive of bibles, psalters and educational manuals, at no more than two or three dozen, if so many;" Richard Grant White puts it at a half dozen only, outside of the school and the church. The books in the school were chained to the desks. In 1565, when William Shakspere was one year old, the aldermen and burgesses of the town had occasion to execute a public document, which is still extant; six only of the nineteen signers conld write their names, the others, thirteen out of the nineteen, made marks. These were of course picked men, among whom the ratio of literacy must have been more favorable than it was in the community at large. In the life of David Garrick, who visited the town in 1769, the inhabitants are called "bumpkins and boors," and the town itself, "the most dirty, unseemly, ill-paved and wretched-looking in all Britain." This was Garrick's own characterization of it. Any school, supported by such a community, must have been of the rudest and most elementary character.

As a well-known Shaksperean editor has recently ventured to compare the Stratford grammar school with Eton college in Shakspear's time, to the preju-

dice of Eton, even calling the former the "Eton of England," let us compare their respective endowments. That of Eton was £1067 per annum; that of Stratford, 13d. per annum. The superintendent of schools in Stratford was paid at the rate of one sixth of a penny (equivalent to one third of a cent) per week. The purchase of a chain for use in the grammar school (to attach a book to one of the desks) was deemed important enough to be made the subject of a special entry in the annual town accounts, thus:

"1624. To Walton, for chain for the book which Mr. Aspinwall gave to the school, 4 d."

Shakspere's two daughters lived to advanced ages; but one of them (Judith) was never able to write her name; and the other (Susannah) could not distinguish her husband's handwriting from another's at his death, after having lived with him twenty seven years.

Of Shakspere's two sons-in-law, one was a physician, and for various misdemeanors expelled from the corporation; the other a liquor-dealer, who adulterated his goods while they were in transitu from Bristol to such an extent that he was finally driven from the town and obliged to take refuge in London where he died. He was no great loss, however, for the authorities are on record as having twice fined him, once for profanity and again for making a common nuisance of his grogshop.

As to William Shakspere himself it is not known that he ever attended school a day in his life. His father and mother also could not write their names.

We now give a facsimile of his own signature as preserved at the Somerset House in London:

With this signature we may easily explain why the reputed poet, as all now admit, *never wrote a letter and never received one.*

The Public Library of the city of Boston contains a volume of North's Plutarch of 1603, in which is inscribed on a fly-leaf the name of Wilm. Shakespeare. Concerning this signature the following statement is made in one of the official bulletins of the institution:

"The field of comparison of the library signature with the known originals is narrow, being limited to those written between 1613 and 1616; all of which show such a lack of facility in handwriting as would almost preclude the possibility of Shakspere's having written the dramas attributed to him."—*Mellen Chamberlain*, (1889).

We now present to our readers the following brief testimonies, drawn mainly from Shakspere's best-known contemporaries or from those who lived nearest to his time, concerning the extent of his own education, and his character:

"The man whom nature's self had made."—*Edmund Spenser*, 1591.

"Untaught by any."—*John Dryden.*

"His learning was very little."—*Thomas Fuller.*

"He was as much a stranger to French as to Latin."—*Gerald Langbaine.*

"Descended from obscure county yeomen."—*Halliwell-Phillipps.*

"The clerk who showed me this church was above

eighty years old. He says that this Shakspere "was formerly apprenticed to a butcher, and that he ran away from his master to London. He was the best of his family."—*Dowdall.* Visiting Stratford-upon-Avon in 1693.

"Shakspere died of a drunken frolic in Stratford."—*Hallam.*

Returning home one night from a revel in Stratford, he is said by the Vicar to have tumbled into a ditch and died there.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

"Without learning.—*Ben Jonson, 1620.*

"The only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be born as well as the poet."—*Alexander Pope, 1725.*

"He was formerly apprenticed in this town to a butcher."—*Dowdall,* visiting Stratford, 1693.

"An uneducated peasant."—*Richard Simpson.*

(Author of 'The School for Shakspere,' a high Shaksperean authority.)

"He was a product of the spontaneous hand of nature, with no help from art."—*Joseph Addison.*

"Being without education, or experience in those great and public scenes of life which were usually the subject of his thought, he seems to have known the world by intuition."—*Jonathan Swift.*

Susanna, Shakspere's eldest child, was baptized May 26, 1583, less than six months after his marriage. In the 'Winter's Tale' we find the following terrible arraignment of the woman in such a case:

"My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts-to
Before her troth-plight. I, 2.

On this Richard Grant White comments as follows:

"His works are full of passages to write which, if he had loved his wife and honored her, would have been gall and wormwood to his soul; nay, which, if he had loved and honored her, he could not have written. But did the flax-wench, whom he uses for the most degrading of all comparisons, do more before her troth-plight than the woman who bore his name and whom his children called mother?"—*Memories of William Shakespere*, xxxii.

The only escape from a most shocking conclusion herein is this: the Stratford man did not write the 'Winter's Tale.'

No wonder Dickens wrote:

"The life of Shakespeare is a fine mystery, and I tremble every day lest something should come up."

We also quote a few words from Arthur C. Benson, author of the "Upton Letters."

"I have made a pilgrimage to Stratford [1904], and now that I have been there and returned, feel that I have been standing on the threshold of a mystery. Who, when all is said and done, was this extraordinary man? If Shakespeare was Shakespeare, he seems, (to speak frankly) to have had a humanity distinct and apart from his genius. Here we have the son of a busy, quarrelsome, enterprising tradesman—who eventually indeed came to grief in trade—of yeoman stock, and bearing a common name. His mother could not write her own signature; [nor, as it is well known, could the father write his.] Of his youth we hear little that is not disreputable. He married under unpleasant circumstances, after an entanglement which took place at a very early age. Then he drifts up

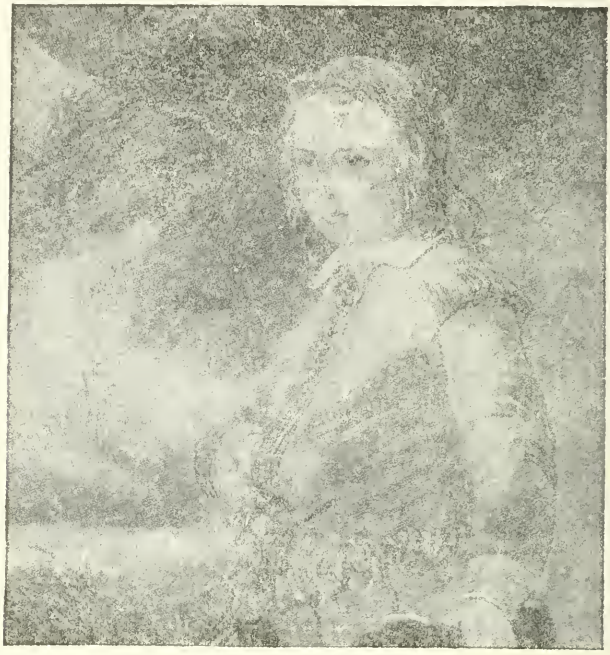
to London, and joins a theatrical company—then a rascally kind of trade—deserting his wife and family. His life in London is full of secrets. At forty-seven, it all ceases. He writes no more.

Who can co-ordinate or reconcile these things? Who can conceive the likeness of the man who steps in this light-hearted, simple way on to the very highest platform of literature, so lofty and unattainable a place he takes without striving, without arrogance, a throne among the thrones where Homer, Virgil and Dante sit? And yet his mind is set, not on these things, but on acres, and messuages, tithes and investments."—"T. B." *Upton Letters.*

"If there was a Shakespeare of earth, as I suspect, there was also one of heaven, and it is of him that we desire to know something."—*Henry Hallam.*

"I cannot marry his life to his works.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Perhaps no greater fraud was ever perpetrated than one found in an American book published in 1896 and entitled Shakespeare the Boy. A portrait of Shakespeare in youth is presented in the frontispiece, thus:



This is not a portrait of Shakspere, but apparently of John Milton.* The deception is particularly heinous, because, as the author confesses, the book was written for the benefit of young people. No portrait of Shakspere, taken at the time of life as here represented, is in existence, or ever was in existence. It is therefore utterly false.

*See 'Shaksper Not Shakespeare', page 28, by William H. Edwards, author of 'The Butterflies of North America', A Voyage up the River Amazon,' etc.

Another characteristic forgery of this kind is found in Mr. Sidney Lee's Life of William Shakspere, published by the Macmillan Company of London in 1898. The frontispiece of that book is a newly discovered portrait of Shakspere, claimed by Shaksperean authorities, including Mr. Lee himself, to be the original from which the famous Droeshout engraving of the 1623 Folio was copied hundreds of years ago. Under these circumstances one of the chief requisites in the new portrait was of course its antiquity. Accordingly we find this feature well provided for in it, in intention at least. We ourself saw the portrait when it was hanging in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford in 1897, and did not fail to discover that the panels of elm-tree on which it was painted were worm-eaten, and worm-eaten, too, at the time when the portrait was executed. A singular circumstance makes this fact evident, for the painter had suffered some of his paint to sag into one or more of these worm-holes during the process of painting. Mr. Lee's fate reminds us of the owner of another old portrait of Shakspere who was astonished to find in it, when it was cleansed, an elderly lady in cap and blue ribbons. Since 1856 more than sixty of these portraits, every one of them spurious, have been tendered for sale to the National Portrait Gallery of England. The manufacture of old portraits of Shakspere is an industry that rivals that of souvenirs from the mulberry tree.

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